

MR. WENTWORTH, OF ILLINOIS.

In the House of Representatives, April, 1844—In Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, the army bill being under discussion, and the motion of Mr. PERRY, of Indiana, to strike out all the appropriations for chaplains, pending.

MR. CHAIRMAN: The gentlemen on the other side seem very anxious to take the question, which they can do in a very few moments; but which I fear they will not to be so strenuous to do when I have made a practical adaptation of their own remarks to the character of the leaders of the party to which they belong. Though always here to listen, I seldom trouble the House with any remarks; and, if others would imitate my example, more business would be done, and our day of adjournment would be earlier. I shall say but little now; yet, when I publish my remarks, I shall avail myself of the usual privilege of making such additions to them as I may think proper; and, if those who hear me now do not recognise my speech when published, they will be much like myself in perusing the speeches now being scattered over the country for electioneering purposes, purporting to have been delivered in this hall, and which, from constant attendance, I ought to have heard, but which I never did hear, nor did any one else. Of this I do not complain; and I hope the gentlemen will not complain of me if, after saying a few words offhand here, I add, in my pamphlet edition, a few notes and extracts, which I will not take up the time of the House to have read now. Gentlemen ask if I intend to put pictures in it. Most certainly not, since my colleague's burlesque on all pictures, which I consider a mere attempt, by signs, to make others believe what he does not; and, what he would not like (with a due regard for his veracity) to say had even a semblance of truth. Of all modern inventions for making others believe a falsehood which you yourself do not like to tell, I think there is nothing like caricatures.

The gentlemen, who have spoken, have spoken much like clergymen; but, unlike them, they did not close with a few practical remarks, bringing the subject home to the daily observation and conduct of their hearers. I will do that for them; and, if my remarks grate harshly on their ears, or blister their consciences in the least, let them and their friends remember that they named the text, and I only adapt it to the present condition of things. My main object in rising, however, is to repel, on the spot, one of the most atrocious and groundless charges that unprincipled demagogues and bankrupt politicians ever attempted to fasten upon the democratic party.

Much as I am opposed to the proposition of the gentleman from Indiana, I should, but for the observations of my colleague, have contented myself with a silent vote upon it, inasmuch as I believe it could not get the second vote in the House; and also because I am not ambitious of the fame of a speech maker. My colleague spoke of "Fanny Wright principles." Ay, sir, Fanny Wright principles! And so, sir, this proposition, isolated as it

is, solitary and alone as it is, both in its origin and support, is to be turned to political account—is to serve as a loop upon which to hang the hopes of desperate and despairing politicians, who aspire to eminent stations, not on their own merits, but on the vices which they falsely assert exist in the breasts of others; and, perhaps, while I speak, letters are on the wing to operate on distant elections, bearing the wilfully false intelligence that infidel doctrines, Fanny Wright principles, have been openly avowed on the floor of Congress, and from appearances, the whole party is likely to back them. Falsehoods as glaring as absurd, as groundless, were told on the eve of the last presidential election, and on the principle that "the Ethiopian cannot change his skin, nor the leopard his spots," we may expect them now. Sir, I do expect them; and now is just the time to strangle this bugbear, resuscitated the ten thousandth time to frighten people into the support of a cause which, if it has merits, ought to be tried by them. The gentleman from Indiana has moved to abolish the office of chaplain in the army. At a former time, he presented a large petition, signed by people without distinction of party, praying for the same. He prefaced his remarks with a eulogy upon the sacred writings, (if the commendations of poor humanity upon the word of God can be called by so strong a term.) He told us his aged mother, his own wife, many of his relatives and friends, and a large portion of his constituents were professed Christians, and he himself eschewed infidelity; but, nevertheless, he saw fit to make the motion, and for it, he, and he alone, is responsible. Having been brought several times the past winter to the very verge of the grave in his protracted sickness, I cannot believe he would so soon deny the God who has so miraculously, so mercifully saved him. But I fear, I almost know, that the strongest efforts will be made to gain political influence from his individual opinions. Newspapers, letter-writers, and stump orators, will manufacture him into a party oracle—ay, sir, into the very embodiment of democratic principles. They will make him the organ of a party caucus, convened on purpose to get up the very amendment proposed, and they will have him backed by the whole party. Hence I must call for a vote, when I sit down, so as to brand these contemplated slanders on the spot, and let the public see, as I am sure it will, that but one man will sustain him in what has been termed his Fanny-Wright course; which appellation I cannot make, after knowing him so well, much as I disapprove of it.

Altogether too long has the democratic party writhed under the ignominy of advocating the doctrines of Fanny Wright. And yet, who she is and where she is, I know not. I never saw her. I never saw a person who said he had seen her, nor did I ever read a line of her writings or ever see a person who said he ever had read them. Such is my ignorance, if ignorance it be. Her existence may have been actual; it certainly has been ideal; and even now her spectre haunts the imagination of politicians in want

of capital. I once attempted to inquire her out of a political declaimer, who seemed frightened into hysterics at the sight of the veritable creature herself, or her ghost. He pretended to know all about her, and described her as the sister of Silas Wright of New York, an aunt of Mr. Van Buren, an opponent of all marriage laws, a disbeliever in the Bible, a profaner of the Sabbath, and an advocate of the sub-treasury and other infidel measures. But no matter who she is or what she is; her name and principles were used in 1840, and had their effect among the other humbugs of that day. Sufficient to say, that her name is used as a term of reproach by those striving for self-elevation by slandering others, and is generally used to denominate a person who believes that all things are common, and should be; and the Fanny-Wright party, in this sense, is, in the anger of debate, sometimes applied to the democratic party, and thus becomes too contemptible a charge to notice, as I can believe no such sentiments are advocated by any American citizen, and much less by any gentleman on this floor. Why, then, use it? As well might I ask why ten thousand infamous things are done for mere political effect, by partizans, who are not content with pluming themselves out in all the gorgeous and changeable hues of the peacock, but must then depict their opponents in all the ugliness of the porcupine. This humbug, I think, has had its day. And, if not, I think I have said enough to controvert any letters, reports, or speeches that may emanate from this hall to-day, striving again, for the ten thousandth time, to fasten infidelity upon every person who advocates the democratic creed, when it is but the part of justice to say there are Christians in all parties, and many them, too; but yet not so many as there ought to be. And I leave it to "the searcher of hearts" alone to pronounce the sentence as to the relative piety of different men and different parties; at the same time protesting, in the name of truth and justice and humanity, against attaching the foul scandal of Fanny Wrightism to any party now in existence. There are gentlemen on the other side of this House whom, if it were proper thus to speak of any person, I could describe as ornaments of the church. I have known of no instance where any one of my political friends has attempted to bring religious opinions to bear upon politics. We have impugned no man's sentiments as infidel—have called no man a follower of Fanny Wright, of Tom Paine, of Voltaire, of Hume, or any other person of that class. We have never found fault with the religious professions of the mass of that party, though we have wondered that they did not better put them in practice in the selection of their standard-bearer in the coming presidential contest. [Note 1.]

[NOTE 1.]

"THE HERO OF BLADENSBURG.—A debate recently took place in the Maine legislature, in giving an expression upon the choice of electors, in which a whig member wishing to give Mr. Clay a little military renown, designated him as the 'Hero of Ashland!' A democrat retorted:

"The gentleman from Portland has alluded to what he terms the 'Hero of Ashland!'"

"MR. LITTLE. The statesman of Ashland.

"MR. JARVIS. The gentleman said the 'Hero of Ashland!' Did he not mean, sir, the hero of *Bladensburg*? The statesman of Ashland!—the hero of *Bladensburg*!—*Bladensburg*—the duelling ground in the vicinity of Washington—the ground, sir, where Cilley fell—fell, doomed before he entered it—doomed by the challenge penned by this 'hero of Ashland!'—doomed by the coldblooded manner in which the terms of the combat were prescribed! Was it the 'hero of Ashland,' or the hero of *Bladensburg*? And are we to be told that the hero of *Bladensburg* is to ride triumphant

How can they expect to gather "grapes from thorns or figs from thistles?" I know that there are worthy church members among our opponents. And yet there is not one of them but what belongs to church that has democrats for members. There is not a gentleman on the other side but who knows that there are also worthy church-members on this side, and many of them, and the most exemplary and devoted christians, too. And they know, every intelligent man knows, that this charge of Fanny Wrightism, as applied to the democratic party, has no foundation in truth, and there is no apology for its promulgation, except upon the doctrine that the end justifies the means—the infamous principles of those designing demagogues who fire pistols through our doors to shoot members [Note 2;] who boldly proclaim whilst addressing crowds on Sunday, that "there are no Sabbaths in revolutionary times," [Note 3] that, "if we cannot have black slaves, we must have white ones," [Note 4;] and who call murder a nine days' bubble, [Note 5;] and who can obtrude their heads into this very hall of the House of Representatives, and use the most unbecoming language to its Speaker, whilst the House was in session and he was in the honest discharge of his duty [Note 6.]

On the night previous to the late awful catastrophe, I attended a meeting of the Bible Society in this hall. The vice-president was one of my brethren democrats [Gov. DUNLAP] from the extreme East and the gentleman who made the best speech on the occasion was another of the same party [General Howard of Indiana] from the extreme West. An

throughout the State? that we have so soon forgotten the murdered, the martyred Cilley? Yes, sir! martyred—fallen in defence of the honor of his State—fallen under the term prescribed by the man who is now proposed as a candidate for the highest office in the gift of the people! The 'hero of Ashland!'—the hero of *Bladensburg*!—the brag player!

[NOTE 2.]

See account of the recent attempt of a man by the name of Moore from Clay's district, in Kentucky, to shoot General McCauslen, a democrat from Ohio, whose pistol so fatally missed the mark as to dangerously wound one of the Capitol police.

[NOTE 3.]

Daniel Webster's speech at Baltimore on Sunday.

[NOTE 4.]

The following account is given in the Albany Argus: "It was in the first debate on the Missouri bill, February 15, 1819, in Committee of the Whole, where he used the words:

"If gentlemen will not allow us to have black slave they must let us have white ones; for we CANNOT CUT OUR FIREWOOD, AND BLACK OUR SHOES, AND HAVE OUR WIFE AND DAUGHTERS WORK IN THE KITCHEN."

[Further particulars omitted for want of room, but give in the Daily Globe of May 25th, 1844.]

[NOTE 5.]

See Kendall's history of Clay's part in the Cilley duel.

[NOTE 6.]

A statement of a scene in the House of Representatives by a gentleman who will vouch for it, if necessary, and prove it by members whose names are given by him. The statement is as follows:

"Being called on, I deem it my duty to state that yesterday, in the House of Representatives, immediately after the Speaker gave the casting vote on the Mississippi election question, the Hon Henry Clay, looking in the direction of the Speaker, exclaimed, 'Go home! God damn you! where you belong!' These epithets were uttered just as the Speaker gave his vote. Mr. Clay was standing near the western entrance to the hall, and close to the bar of the House. I was standing within five feet of Mr. Clay. Mr. Chaney, of Ohio, sitting in his seat, was so near Mr. Clay that he heard his remark, and immediately committed it to writing. Mr. Gall of New York, was standing near, and heard the same remark very distinctly."—Globe, February 7, 1838.

ere were democrats from every part of this country scattered through the hall, who took an active part, and manifested the deepest interest in its proceedings. According to the base imputations made by the political hucksters in this country, one would think that all such were to be read out of the party. I acknowledge that there were whigs, on that occasion, equally attentive and equally zealous. In all the schemes for man's social, literary, scientific, and religious advancement, I am not afraid to contrast the democratic party with the whig party; yet I will not so imitate the vile example of some of our opponents as to say they are behind us in these matters. Only challenge an investigation of the facts; and I am willing that the preponderance, whichever way may be, should be attributed to individuals rather than to parties.

In relation to the proposition of the gentleman from Indiana, I would not entertain it for a moment. In no consideration would I destroy the religious influences which pervade this country. No inducement could tempt me to withdraw from the poor sailor and soldier "the Lamb's book of life;" and, many cannot read, take from them their religious teachers—remove them beyond the hallowed atmosphere of the righteous, whose prayers avail so much. I am incapable of eulogizing the Christian religion as it deserves. I want that light from above so dispensable to such an undertaking. I adopt the language of my democratic friend from Mississippi, Mr. HAMMET,] and say:

"A religion which teaches the sublime sentiments which the Christian religion teaches, could never be injurious to any nation. In the language of Scripture, whatsoever things are true—whatsoever things are lovely—whatsoever things are of good report,—proceed from its observance. The country suffered to man to have charge of her interests, or fill any important trust, until he bound himself, by oath on the Bible, to discharge his duty faithfully. No man could trust his interest, his honor, or his life, to the sound jury, until they were first bound by a solemn oath to do justice.

"But, apart from the consideration of its Divine origin, it is the sublimest system of ethics—it prescribed the purest code of morals—that could be devised. Look abroad through the world: where was it that true liberty was found? No where but where christianity was preached and acted.

The gentleman from Indiana argues that the doctrines of the Bible oppose all wars; and, the more christianity is preached, the less military spirit will animate the bosom of our soldiers and sailors. I differ with them there to a certain extent, and will cite an anecdote in the expression of my views. Some few years since, I was in the city of Boston, on the day of a great military parade, and, during the day, visited a Bethel establishment, where I found one of the United States marines very attentively reading the Bible. I observed to him that I thought it strange that he was not on the parade ground. He replied, "If I ever fight, it will be in a just cause; and, in this book, am I taking lessons of war from the great God of battles." This anecdote reminds me of two lines in one of our national songs, written by a brother democrat now numbered with the dead:

"Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto,—*In God is our trust!*"

How much better this sentiment—how much more patriotic, more religious—how much more unlike any-Wrightism than the countless ditties sung by the caravan attending one of the candidates for

the presidency, [Note 7] now travelling this country, and made up of men so mean as to be rejected unanimously by a Senate of their own party, by defaulters, buffoons, blacklegs, self-styled Bears and pump-borers, who compel ministers on the holy Sabbath to dismiss their congregations by their

"Log cabin songs and cider shouts,
Banners and drums and revel routes!"

Sir, I am one of those who consider the "Star Spangled Banner" a song perfect in itself, good enough for any occasion. It will admit of no paraphrase, transposition or change of any kind to advantage. The democrats take it as it is. But not so with their opponents. They have transposed and paraphrased it seventeen times to my knowledge; and probably more. I have in my possession many collections of the songs of our modern political minstrels, and not one of them has this song in it entire; but all contain some paraphrase of it into words of obscenity, profanity, and rowdiness. Gentlemen need not laugh, as I am not going to read them. This is too dignified and sober a body to find them interesting. They are only proper for those great political carnivals, got up in desecration of the Sabbath, [Note 8] in defiance of every principle of morality, where men, coons, buffaloes, and white virgin heifers mingle in promiscuous assemblage, to honor the modern Robespierre in his hellish purposes of corrupting the morals, perverting the tastes, and dissipating the minds of the people, that he may rise on their prostitution. In not one of these new-fangled songs do I find the stanzas above referred to, to wit:

"Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—*In God is our trust!*"

I have never found a better moral code than the Bible; a better political code than the constitution of the United States; a better bill of rights than the American declaration of independence; or a better song than the "Star-Spangled Banner. [NOTE 9.]

[NOTE 7.]

"Under such circumstances, how contemptible does this demagogue appear when he descends from his high place in the Senate, and roams about the country, retailing slander upon the living and the dead?"—[Jackson.

Mr. Badger (General Harrison's Secretary of the Navy) said of Mr. Clay in 1828:—

"You have seen the Secretary of State challenging to mortal combat a member of Congress, for daring, in his place, on the floor of the Senate, to examine with freedom, and expose with boldness, the conduct of the Secretary. You have seen the same officer, forgetful of what belongs to his high station, assume the character of a travelling speech-maker, and harangue public gatherings in Kentucky, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, boasting of his intrepidity and virtue, and discharging his malignity towards Jackson, sometimes in gross abuse, and sometimes in impious appeals to heaven."

[NOTE 8.]

See account of Clay's recent visit to New Orleans.

[NOTE 9.]

Subjoined is the glorious democratic song,

Which federal whigs fill with "pisen,"
To honor Clay and Frelinghuysen."

STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

O! say can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming?

And the rockets' red glare, bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night, that our flag was still there;
O! say, does the Star-spangled Banner yet wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,

The style and sentiment of neither can be improved. Each is a perfect model by itself. My prayer is that each may survive to the end of time.

Prominent among the commands emanating amid the thunders of Sinai, is the one "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." Perhaps this command of the Christian code applies to those who worship beasts; and, as the Laplander has no other god before the cat, so, perhaps, the worshippers of the coon, having no other god before him, are compelled to strike the above from their songs—at any rate, they have struck it out. But I return to my subject, and state that, if any people on the face of the earth can call themselves the favored of Omnipotence, it is our own American people. And I know not to what else to attribute our many favors, but to the efficacy of prayer, since we have been distinguished above all others as a praying people. The first thing our pilgrim forefathers did, after landing on the Plymouth Rock, was to return thanks for their preservation to the Ruler of the universe. The Quakers who first settled Pennsylvania, and the Catholics who first settled Maryland, and, indeed, all the early colonists, were distinguished as a praying people, and strictly religious, both in precept and example. All the early legislatures of the States were opened with prayer, and I know of no one that has done away with the custom. The first Congress was opened with prayer, and the practice is still in existence, without having experienced any organized opposition. No one will dispute the rank of the father of this country among the greatest generals of the world. And he never entertained a fear of the enervating effects of religion upon his army; for he had a prayer offered up at the head of every regiment each morning, and also the last thing before going into the field of battle. General Jackson, though less regular, often had prayers at the head of his army, and always was glad to have. And it is a glorious commentary upon the influence of the Christian religion, to find this brave and veteran chieftain, who in turn had fought and triumphed over men, armies and corporations, now bowing to its injunctions, and acknowledging that his only consolation in the infirmities of his extreme age was in the blessed promises it held out to him.

The democratic party has been called destructive; but, so far as our religious institutions are concerned, it will be found decidedly conservative. I will not say that our present system of appointing chaplains is the best, as I have not examined it sufficiently.

What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream:

'Tis the Star-spangled Banner!—O, long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion

A home and a country should leave us no more?

Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave,

From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave,

And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph doth wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

O! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their lov'd home, and the war's desolation,

Blest with vic'try and peace, may the Heaven-rescu'd land,
Praise the power that hath made and preserv'd us as a nation!

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust!"

And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

If it is wrong, let us correct, but by no means destroy it. Believing that the proposition can get but one vote, (and I shall call for tellers, so as to test it,) and having premised facts enough to prove that the charge of infidelity against our party is wilfully and maliciously false, without a single apology for making it, I wish to say a few words in kindness to the gentleman opposite.

Sir, this is a proud day for me; and it will be so for our country, if gentlemen only carry out what they profess, only practise what they preach, when they come to vote for President. There has been more said in favor of sound morals, and of the Christian religion, to-day, than during the whole Congress before, and the last Congress added to it. The people will be astonished, when these debates go out to them. They will hail this as the commencement of a new era. I began to despair; and many good people predicted that our nation was becoming infidel, and on the road to anarchy. Sir, it was feared that, as a nation, we were beginning to lose all regard for Christianity; and well might it be said that our people were becoming infidel in feelings and in practice, when public opinion would even tolerate a travelling candidate for the presidency in trampling down the most sacred barriers of religion and morality. But a redeeming spirit seems to have leaped into existence to-day, to have originated in this hall, and from a quarter least expected. The remarks on the other side have been personal, decidedly personal, and abusive of a prominent candidate for the presidency. Though they have called no names, they have seared him as with a red-hot iron; and, as in 1841, he had to be bound over, in the sum of \$5,000, to keep the peace. [Note 10.] I caution them how they push matters to extremities. But, sir, I rejoice to infer, from the language of gentlemen, that new influences are now to commence.

It is full time to stop these drunken revels as requisites in the canvass for the presidency. [Note 11.]

It is time to substitute reason for revelry. It is time to give up the worship of beasts, living or dead, tame or wild. It is time that we abandon such scenes of profanity and vulgarity, and acted more in accordance with the institutions of the great Jehovah, who, in his inexplicable workings, has so recently filled this city with mourning. Here we are, sir, with crape still on our arms for a deceased brother, and others are dangerously sick. It is meet that we should be solemn, and, if possible, impart that solemnity throughout the Union, and break up those wretched scenes of blasphemy, vulgarity, indecency, riot, and drunkenness. These scenes of debauchery first commenced in the canvass of 1840, and, in view of the many and repeated awful calamities that have since befallen the country, and which have fallen heavily upon very many of those who most actively participated in them, I am pleased to

[NOTE 10.]

[In the Daily Globe of May 25th, 1844, the bond and further particulars are given.]

[NOTE 11.]

HORNSBY CONVICTED.—The trial of L. C. Hornsby for the murder of Colonel Twogood, at a whig meeting recently in New Orleans, has resulted in his conviction of manslaughter.

The punishment is imprisonment in the penitentiary for a term not exceeding 21 years. Messrs. Hornsby and Twogood were both members of the "whig" party, and men of standing and character in the community in which they lived.—*Missourian*.

see the gentlemen, this day, faltering in their career, and uttering sentiments entirely repugnant to a repetition of these miserable desecrations.

A friend has recently showed me printed notices for various political meetings on the Sunday night previous to the nomination of General Harrison in 1840.

I wish to make no political capital out of "providential dispensations;" but I entreat men to look back to the disgusting events which characterized our last presidential canvass, and to weigh well the terrible visitations that have followed. Let them, then, not repeat their falsehoods, their frauds, their debaucheries, and their general acts of demoralization. To me, it would seem like bidding defiance to the Most High; for—

"There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them as we will."

My friend Kendall, in his tract on this subject, which I especially recommend to the notice of my friends on the other side, rightly says:

"What considerate, what religious, what moral man, can look back on these extraordinary events, and reflect on the strange coincidences they present, without being impressed with the belief, that there is some connection between the means used to acquire power in 1840, now again put in requisition, and the fatality which seems to pursue the administration it brought into existence. The falsehoods, follies, and debaucheries then adopted, seem to have demoralized nature itself, and made their authors their principal victims. The actors in those scenes have been appointed to punish one another; and those who come in contact with them seem to be involved in their calamities. This result, be it providential, or be it natural, should warn our people never hereafter to tolerate a similar mode of electioneering. IT CANNOT BE DONE WITH SAFETY. It is part of the system by which the universe is governed, that wickedness brings after it disorder and destruction. Demoralize our people, and national as well as individual calamities must necessarily ensue."

By their demoralizing system of electioneering, we see a President, Senate, and House of Representatives of their party, elected by an overwhelming majority. They toss their hats in the air, they eat their dinners, drink their wines, blow their bugles, beat their drums, and fire their guns. They have everything their own way, and have three sessions of Congress, which take up the most of two years. And yet, after all this, they accomplish nothing, but leave the country twenty-six millions of dollars in debt. The result of all their incubations was five monsters, two of which (the two bank bills) were so deformed that the President strangled them in their infancy. For this they curse him, and call him traitor. The other two (bankrupt and distribution laws) he let live, and, when they began to grow, and show their hideous deformity, they became ashamed of their own offspring, and strangled them themselves; and for this the President might curse them, and call them traitors to themselves; and, I think, if he had not killed the first two, they would also have eventually died at the hands of their parents. The fifth (the districting bill) died of impotence since this session commenced. It appears to me that, if a victory accomplished by such means has proved so profitless to themselves, as well as so deleterious to the country, they ought to be wary how they resort to such means again.

It will not do to attribute all these things to President Tyler. They themselves know better, and the people know better. He is not the traitor. They themselves are the traitors. He wrote a letter expressive of the very views he now advocates, before the election, and they suppressed it; thus perpetrating a gross fraud on the people. And now

they are denouncing him for doing what he expressly told them he should do in case of his election. If, in the singular fatality attending the power of a majority so unjustly acquired, they cannot see the finger of Omnipotence, the charge of infidelity properly belongs to them.

A friend by my side says they are worse than infidels. I can think now of but one definition of what it is to be "worse than an infidel," and that is in the New Testament, in the epistle to Timothy, where it is said, "If any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." Our opponents certainly do not come under this head. For not one of them has had office, from Daniel Webster down, but has taken care of all "his own house" down to the remotest generation. In 1840 they said, "proscription was to be proscribed." But no men used it more, as in five months they made more changes than Mr. Van Buren did in his whole administration. I think the removal of James N. Barker, as second comptroller, (6th of April, 1841,) whilst General Harrison lay in his coffin unburied, a most sacrilegious and unfeeling act; but as the removal was made to provide for one of "their own," I suppose they would plead Scripture in bar of their being called "worse than infidels." Whilst speaking upon this subject of proscription, I can mention another instance of the fatality attending these men and their measures. Mr. Granger, Postmaster General, boasted on the floor of Congress, that he had removed 1,700 postmasters; and, if he had remained two weeks longer, he would have removed 3,000 more, making 4,700 in all. But, in an hour when he thought not, the guillotine he was applying to others reached him, and his head was added to swell the number of his own 1,700 to 1,701. [Note 12.]

I said I would not quote any of these hard cider, hard brandy, sherry cobbler, and mint julep songs. But I think I will recant so far as one stanza is concerned. In 1840, the laboring men were promised "two dollars a day and roast beef for dinner," if they would only vote for the whigs. Sir, you know, and every body knows, that there are many of them that cannot now get fifty cents per day in money, and find their own beef, which turns out to be nothing more than "bean soup" often times. That stanza attempts to revive these broken promises and blasted hopes as follows:

"The laboring men who want more work,
And higher wages too,
Will help to put in Harry Clay,
With better times in view;
They'll saw and chop, and grub and dig,
And shovel, and shovel away,
And shovel, shovel, shovel, shovel,
And vote for Harry Clay."

The latter part of this song is a fair hint of what the laborers may expect under Henry Clay. They'll have

"To saw and chop, and grub and dig,
And shovel, and shovel away,
And shovel, shovel, shovel, shovel,
For twenty cents a day."

The avowed policy of the whigs is to take care of the rich, and they will take care of the poor—aggrandize the manufacturers, and they will make "a home market" for the farmer and operative. That

[NOTE 12.]

PROSCRIPTION.—"DAMN IT! HOW HE NICKS 'EM!" This was Clay's exclamation, on seeing a long list of removals of democrats from office by General Harrison. It marks the emper of the man, and his party.—*Globe*.

is to say, give the rich all the privileges possible, and what will they give the poor in compensation for all this? Yes, sir, here is the question. What will they allow the poor in return? Why, in rhyme, they will allow them

"To saw and chop, and grub and dig,
And shovel, and shovel away,
And shovel, shovel, shovel, shovel,
At the lowest price a day."

Elect Clay, with his bank, distribution and tariff notions, and the poor man must shovel deeper, broader, harder, longer, and at lower wages than ever before. For the tariff taxes saws, shovels, axes, hoes, ploughs, chains, &c. &c., over 100 per cent., salt for his poor porridge and soup about 100 per cent. sugar for his tea over 50 per cent., his cheap cloth over 100 per cent., whilst the rich man pays less than 10 per cent. on all his pearls, diamonds, jewelry, and ornaments of all kinds. Under such a state of things, the poor man will have to shovel—

"And shovel, shovel, shovel, shovel,
And shovel all the day."

And then get the meanest kind of shiplasters in payment, as Clay is a great bank man as well as a tariff man. After two months of such reform, of such an elevation of his condition, I think the poor man, with his shovel on his back, will cry out in the words of another tune, on the opposite page of this song-book—

"Such getting up stairs I never did see."

I said, under a Clay dynasty, shiplasters would again come in fashion. Ay, sir, worse than that; we should have another dose of that new currency which the late whig Congress was the first to originate—I mean "bankrupt notices"—made a legal tender under a whig administration. Sir, if I wanted a cut to ornament my speech, as some do, I would give you a bankrupt notice with a coon on one end and Henry Clay on the other; and on it I would write "BANKRUPT NOTICE, OR LEGAL TENDER, AFTER ELECTION, FOR THE TWO DOLLARS AND ROAST BEEF PER DAY PROMISED BEFORE ELECTION." This would be a bill on Clay's bank; it would be worthy of the laborer's consideration before he voted for Henry Clay; for, when the bankrupt law became so odious from the number of frauds perpetrated under it, that one branch of the Kentucky legislature remonstrated against it, and a whig House had to repeal it, Henry Clay was still found clinging to his banting. [Note 13.] Thus, after the rich bankrupts, speculators, who had large assets in their hands, had sworn off, denied, or paid off in this new currency, their debts to the poor laborer, the law was repealed; whilst the really poor man—the unfortunate from sickness, the elements, and other unavoidable causes, who had no money, but was working by all possible means to obtain it—was forever cut off. The speculator, the extra-

[NOTE 13.]

"The vote on the bill from the House of representatives repealing the bankrupt law, for the first time, resulted as follows—yeas 22, nays 23:

"Those who voted in the affirmative, were Messrs. Allen, Archer, Bayard, Benton, Buchanan, Calhoun, Fulton, Graham, King, Linn, McRoberts, Morehead, Pierce, Prentiss, Rives, Sevier, Smith of Connecticut, Sturgeon, Woodbury, Wright, and Young.

"Those who voted in the negative, were Messrs. Barrow, Bates, Berrien, Choate, CLAY, Clayton, Evans, Henderson, Huntington, Kerr, Mangum, Merrick, Miller, Phelps, Porter, Simmons, Smith of Indiana, Southard, Tallmadge, Walker, White, Williams, and Woodbridge."

gant and the profligate, with here and there an honest man, have thus been enabled to rob the poor, whilst the poor man, merely because he was too poor to pay the cost, has reaped no advantage from such a law, and still has to

"Shovel, shovel, shovel, shovel,
His honest debts to pay."

Here let me mention another of these providential visitations. Prominent among the members of Congress in 1840—who were sending off documents in the vacation of Congress, at government expense, for wrappers, ink, sealingwax, persons to fold, and horses to take to the post office, promising the laborer "two dollars a day and roast beef," if the whigs could succeed, when they only intended to pay in bankrupt notices—was a Mr. Mitchell, of New York, who was soon afterwards sentenced to the State's prison for forgery, and recently pardoned by the governor of New York, in consequence of ill-health. What a pity that his health is so poor that he could not accompany the miserable creatures that are now patrolling the country in the wake of one who aspires to be President by catering to the most beastly propensities of the human race, [Note 14.]

I am reminded by our opponents talking so much in favor of Christianity, and pretending such fears of Fanny-Wrightism, whilst supporting a man of Clay's notoriously profligate character, in every respect, [Note 15.] of an order of a Connecticut clergyman reading somewhat after this sort:

"Mr. A. B., Bookseller—

"Sir: Please send by the bearer

1 dozen Village Hymns

6 Bibles

1 dozen Church Psalmodes

2 do Clay Minstrels.

Your affectionate Christian brother,

Rev. N. B. C."

P. S. Send the Clay Minstrels by all means—the others I can wait for till after the election.

This is a fair specimen of the whig party. They call themselves friends of law, order, and morality. But—P. S. They are for Clay by all means—these others can be taken up after election. And so they go on with their Bears, pump-borers, coons, virgin heifers, crocodiles, defaulters, and all sorts of both animals and men, in order to get up a drunken crowd, and, by artificial stimulants, raise an excitement for a prostrate cause. They are for religion, but they want Clay first, the man of whom John Randolph, in contrasting his bright intellect with his moral depravity, said:

[NOTE 14.]

"Hon. John Bell, General Harrison's Secretary of War,) used the following language, September 17, 1827:

[Omitted for want of room, but given in the Daily Globe of May 25, 1844.]

[NOTE 15.]

RANDOLPH AND CLAY.—When Henry Clay was Speaker of the House of Representatives, and John Randolph a member of that body, the latter indulged himself in drawing a fancy portrait, in something like the following words:

"We will suppose, Mr. Speaker, a young man born in Virginia, destitute of principle, who has spent his patrimony in dissipation and gambling, removes to Kentucky, and by some lucky chance is elected to the State Legislature. We will go further, sir, and suppose him elected a member of this House, and still further, sir, and suppose him raised to the elevated station of the presiding officer of this very House; and suppose he now sits in the chair"—pointing his long sarcastic finger at Mr. Clay, who immediately called Mr. Randolph to order. Mr. R. appealed to the House, which supported the call to order by the Speaker. Mr. R. then rose, and in a manner peculiar to himself, observed: "I drew a picture of imagination—you applied it to yourself; and the House has confirmed its application."

"He is talented, but corrupt. He *stinks* and *shines* and *shines* and *stinks*, like a rotten mackerel by moonlight;" and whose union with John Quincy Adams he styled as the union of "the puritan and the black leg;" and whom he, or some other distinguished gentleman of that day, described as coming to Congress with a brace of pistols in one hand and a pack of cards in the other. [NOTE 16.]

And to honor such a man, they can collect the most tremendous groups on Sunday, and can raise shouts as to compel ministers to dismiss their congregations in the midst of service. But all these desecrations and profanations, uproars, and debaucheries, have met with a rebuke on the start, showing a similar fatality almost to that consequent upon the power acquired by the unholy alliances and influences of 1840. The first log-cabin erected this season, I understand, was at Richmond, which fell down and killed one person, and more or less injured several others. The first great whig rally at New Orleans, I understand, resulted in killing one of the committee of arrangements, and in sending another to the penitentiary for manslaughter. In the face of all these things, does not a repetition of all these profanities and vulgarities, bacchanalian songs and rowdy dances, look like bidding defiance to High Heaven? Sir, every thing of this kind could be done away with, if our opponents would only carry into practice those principles of morality which they have this day preached. Why, one would think, from their professions here, that their regard for the principles of christianity, and their faith in prayer, was such that they would open all their political meetings with prayer; and that, instead of hackneyed office-hunters, ignorant buffoons, and vulgar songsters, under the trite appellation of pump-borers, knife grinders, and Bear the blacksmith, their presidential candidate would take about with him preachers of the gospel, and instead of singing rowdy songs and drunken revelry, they would sing the songs of Zion. But, when one comes to know all the circumstances, he will cease to wonder that a different course is pursued. Suppose, at one of these tremendous gatherings, generally known as whig carnivals, a minister should undertake to pray! Fancy his awkward predicament! How could he open his lips without insulting his audience; without rebuking the thousand immoral practices used by that party to catch votes? He would pray that vice, dissipation, and every kind of immorality might be done away, and thus strike a blow, a fatal blow, at the daily acts and common customs of that party. Indeed, for what could he pray, (and yet keep within the bounds of the christian's prayer,) so as not to reprimand, in the strongest terms, those terrible innovations upon the old method of coolly and deliberately canvassing

[NOTE 16.]

In the files of the old Columbian Star, published in Maine, is a song of eighteen stanzas, in Yankee Doodle rhyme, written by John Holmes, late United States senator from Maine. The following are the three last:

There's Harry Clay, some people say,
Is plaguery smart and lucky,
Who went adrift, to make a shift,
Way over in Kentucky.

He'll play at brag, break every snag
That's in the constitution,
And talks so fair, 't would make you stare
To hear his elocution.

But, though he may both talk and play,
And is so cute and funny,
I'm some afraid he'll learn the trade
Of playing with our money.

the claims of the respective candidates for office? Again, sir, suppose he should open the sacred Scriptures, and read about Annanias and Sapphira, how they were struck dead for lying; or, that passage which says: "*All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone forever and ever.*" What a faltering there would be among those who tell the falsehood that Mr. Van Buren opposed the last war; that he ever, in any shape, favored negro suffrage, or a property qualification; who promised laborers "two dollars a day and roast beef," and better times in general, if Van Buren could only be defeated in 1841! How pale their faces would turn; how fast their knees smite one against the other, and how soon, like Belshazzar, would they see the hand-writing on the wall! Again: Suppose he should undertake to read, for sacred music, from Dr. Watts, and, with the portrait of the great whig leader posted about the room, he should accidentally open to the line:

"Behold the wretch whose lusts and wine," &c.:

who knows but the fate of poor Cilley would be his fate, for indulging in personalities? Or, suppose he should turn to the following, viz:

"Blest is the man who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet:"

would he not be censured for trying to keep men from a meeting got up on purpose to rally the black-legs, blackguards, drunkards, loafers, and the abandoned of every description, by the use of artificial stimulants? Certainly, then, there is a good reason why religious influences are not called into such gatherings. They would be out of place; grossly misapplied. In the days of New England witchcraft, there prevailed an idea that the devil sometimes appeared to people with the most evil intents, and that the only way that he could be got rid of was to read the Bible to him. Sir, fancy a crowd collected together to hear the dissertations of these strolling vagrants, the Pump Borer, the Bear, and the Knife Grinder, the exhibition of coons, anacondas, buffaloes, &c., and the frantic revels of drunken minstrels; and let the Bible be read, and the reading of the riot act has never dispersed a mob so quick as this would such a gang of dissolute politicians, awaiting, like prowling wolves and preying vultures, a favorable opportunity to seize upon the revenues of their country.

This new system of electioneering in company with fugitives from justice and wretched outcasts of society, with drunken brawlers and vulgar songsters, profaning the Sabbath and compelling ministers to dismiss their congregations with their obscenities and uproars, is one of the most mournful signs of the times, bespeaking vitiated taste and the most wicked hearts. Establish the principle that a party resorting to such vile practices, or an individual encouraging them with his presence, shall bear sway in this country, and this glorious republic, formed by the hardy endurance and keen foresight of our fathers, is destroyed in the bloody anarchy of the French revolution. I call upon the old men—the fathers especially—to discountenance these scenes of profanity, riot, and dissipation; to ponder what must be the inevitable consequences if this flood of vice and immorality is not stayed; and to reflect what would be their own feelings if they should find one of their own sons singing and carousing in some grog shop, and, if, in reproving him, he should reply, "Father, I am aspiring to the presidency, and this is the modern road to preferment!" Sir, how

could a father, friendly to these debaucheries, reply to a rebuke so cuttingly administered by a dissipated son? Here is ample food for deliberate reflection.

Gentlemen have made allusion to the dreadful scenes of the French revolution, and ascribed them to infidelity. Whether all the participants in those bloody tragedies were infidels at heart, I cannot say; but it is evident that they were so in practice, violating all those fundamental principles of morality which many theoretical infidels respect and will acknowledge as necessary to the preservation of good order in society. It was not in Voltaire's time that fury, frantic zeal, ignorance, and barbarity, were let loose to overturn all social and political order, and deluge France in blood. It was only until Robespierre and his gang of desperadoes, with talents of the highest order, began to cater to the most depraved appetites of the people by entertaining motley groups with obscene songs, beastly shows, intoxicating drafts, and passionate appeals, that the public taste became vitiated and the people desirous of breaking over every constitutional restraint. I need not further enlarge upon this tragic page of the world's history. The simplest schoolboy knows that the French revolution emanated from practical rather than theoretical infidelity—that it had its origin with reckless demagogues and aspiring dare-devils, who kindled in the breast of the great mass the most unholy desires, and then led them on to the destruction of every feature in their government, and of every person that attempted in the least to keep those desires in check.

Sir, it behoves every good citizen to cast his eye about and see if the germ of the French revolution is not apparent in the electioneering cabals of the present day, when revelry seems substituted for reason, and people are appealed to, not by facts and arguments, but by the most magnificent shows of men and beasts; by bands of the most enlivening music; by rowdy songs and intoxicating drinks; and by addresses from the most abandoned men; encouraged not only by the sanction, but oftentimes by the presence, of one who, like Robespierre, is aspiring to power, reckless of the means or the consequences. These men have already trampled upon the most sacred institutions of christianity, and set at defiance every principle of morality by their profanations of the Sabbath, desecrations of houses of public worship, interruption of religious congregations, and by killing each other in public assemblies, and in presence of the ladies. So far, the analogy between them and the leaders of the French revolution is complete. They have lost all reverence for the laws of God; and what now keeps them in check? Nought but the laws of the country. And all history proves that, when all regard for the divine law fails, that for human law soon follows. But ours is a popular government, and designing men can best carry out their professions of regard for the government, by trying to overturn its most salutary laws, under false issues, and the phrenzy of the moment, than by an open violation of them. They can make a thousand false promises and false charges; they can inflame the people against abuses which do not exist; and, in innumerable ways, for a single election, can, they, to a greater or less extent, lead captive the popular mind, and, perchance, gain a majority of both branches of the national legislature. In that event, they will attempt to warp the government; to frame its laws to their unholy designs; and thus make

what was wrong once, both by the laws of God and man, right by their own legislation. But, thanks to the wisdom of our fathers, there has been a temporary barrier placed in the way of this mad legislation, and it has been placed in the power of the President to refer these laws originating in the wild impulses of the moment, back to the "sober, second thought of the people," giving them time for fair discussion and deliberation, so that they can penetrate their practical effects and the ultimate designs of their originators. The veto power has been seldom exercised in this country; but whenever it has been, it has always been sustained by the people. At worst, it is only dilatory in its nature. It may prevent evil; but, at longest, it cannot delay good; it cannot put off the voice of the people over four years. It is the most conservative feature of our government; and against it abandoned and despairing demagogues will always direct their virulence. Already has one of the presidential aspirants—the leader in the present wicked machinations to intoxicate and then lead astray the people—declared himself in favor of the destruction of this barrier to all precipitate legislation. Sir, he finds the veto power in his way; he finds his plans frustrated by the American constitution, and "destroy" is now the word. An open war upon this salutary provision of our constitution has been declared, and thus we find the analogy to the leaders of the French revolution still further carried out in their attempts to overturn our government and remove every check to the desires and impulses of the masses, whom they may have excited into a mob by their artificial stimulants, their falsehoods and impassioned appeals. Change the American constitution, as Mr. Clay desires, and carry out this new system of electioneering, and if Robespierre is not himself again, though on another continent, those who believe in the doctrine of metempsychosis will assuredly affirm that his spirit, and that of his followers, have been transferred to the whig leaders of the present day, since immorality, vice, disorder, confusion, anarchy, and murder will everywhere prevail, and our republic will be numbered among the things that once were, but have now perished forever.

With this dread spectacle before me, I was sincerely rejoiced at the language of the honorable gentleman opposite, and I am bound to consider them sincere. Hence, sir, I have said that this was a proud day for me, and it must be long remembered in the annals of our country. It has given birth to new impulses; and they must, they ought, they will pervade the whole country. I think I see them now flying on the wings of the wind to the remotest sections, and paralyzing the contemptible exhibitions which have been set on foot to lead captive the public mind at the coming election. Such must be their inevitable tendency. The present mode of electioneering must recede as morality advances, and *vice versa*. Gentlemen have well talked against infidelity in theory, and their intentions will be beyond all question when they cease to support an infidel in practice for President. They have harangued loudly against Fanny Wright; and, to place themselves right before the public, they have only now to use less exertions for the election of one who, through all his life, has been putting in practice those principles of vice and immorality which they charge her with inculcating.

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